

THE REPOSITORY,

AND

Ladies' Weekly Museum.

BY SOLOMON SLENDER, ESQ.

VOL. VI.]

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1806.

[No. 12.]

The price of this paper is 6½ cents each number, payable every 4 weeks, or 3 dollars a year to those who pay in advance. Subscribers residing at a distance, either to pay in advance, or procure some responsible person, in this city, to become answerable for the money as it becomes due.

For the Repository.

Quid immerentes hospites vexas, canis,
Ignavus adversum lupos?
Quin huc inanes, si potes, vertis minas,
Et me remorsurum petis?.....Hon.

Mr Slender,

YOU, and your ignorant correspondents, are continually railing at the Censor-man—one calls him Panglos, another styles him Foreigner, a third Polyglot Jack, &c. You all must really be void of common decency thus to attack an honest, truth-telling, omniscient linguist, in the same manner you would a common cheat, who had been taking in some industrious citizen, by persuading him that he knew some great Lord's patent for making printing ink. Your clamorous tongues must at length be brought to cry *Cra-ven*. However, since you are commen-

* You cur, coward against wolves, why do you attack innocent strangers? Why do you not, if in your power, turn your vain yelping hither, and engage with me, who will bite again.

dable in one thing, that is, by acting conformably to Jack's favourite author, Horace, in this particular,

'An, si quis atro dente me petiverit,
Inultus ut flebo puer?'

I shall palliate your faults in some degree.

You are eager enough to call this money-making man Foreigner, and to deny him the privilege of falsely criticizing on American performers; now let me tell you that this is the best excuse he can have, and a very natural one it is; for no prejudices are so justifiable as those we entertain for our own countryman, and against foreigners—Ergo—The Censor is justifiable in blackguarding American actors; per argumentum ab invidia deductum.

Nobody has a doubt, Mr Editor, but you are in the wrong; why? Because Mr W has a knowledge of every thing, he says you are, and you must be.

Did not you publish a piece signed Vigilarius, in which this writer said that money was all the Censor-man published his book for? Now, how could that be known, if Dr Panglos wanted money, he would publish a *Xenophon*, *Homer*, or some such work,

* What, if any puppy attack me with his malignant tooth, shall I blubber like a boy, incapable of revenging himself.

which would fill his pockets fast enough; but in this trifling work he only makes twenty or thirty dollars a week, after all the pains he takes to stow it with languages, plates, &c. No, no, it was not, it could not be money he had in view, he wished, if any thing, to vent his spleen on domestick characters; he talks about murdering characters, that are not in existence, while he steals from some

'That which not enriches him,
But makes them poor indeed.'

Ille venena Colcha
Et quidquid usquam concipitur nefas
Tractavit.†

This Vigilarius accuses him of falsehood, and other base things, such as filthy quotations, deceiving the publick, and many other such crimes; he cannot be believed, he does not produce a single argument, but flies directly to proofs; in which he has perchance succeeded, although I shall not credit him, because he was afraid to argue it out.

In your last Repository, some fellow tells us, the *Doctor* does not understand Latin, and wishes us to think that he is a mere ignoramus. Now, I will never believe that story, because it can easily be proven, that that infallible judge knows all languages from the Phrygian to the Low-Dutch, however I leave the proof to some abler logician than I am.

† He has used the Colchian poisons, and whatever rascality can be anywhere conceived.

And, besides all this, I am told he can use the broad and small swords, and pistols, in as various ways as he can his tongue, and that he is Buonaparte's match, from a twenty-four pounder to a cambrick needle; Caveat scriptor.

Now, tell me candidly, what created this fuss between you and Doctor Panglos? Why I believe you can only say, that your opinion differed from his with respect to performances, and so on. Well, and had you the *audacity*—the *impudence* to oppose a man in these things, that gets his living by learning! Why you deserve to draw the wrath of all the boisterous pedants in town upon you; for my part, I wonder how you dare under-sell him in printing; here you give us *thirty-two* quarto pages for *twenty-five* cents, and he charges *eighteen* cents for *four octavo* pages; and he has a right, I repeat it, he ought to charge as much as he likes, because he knows how much it was worth under Numa Pompilius; therefore let me see you pay due deference to this literary hero, bow to him, kiss his toe, or any other place where he chooses, else I shall show you, that you are unworthy of looking at the same sun with him.

Your humble servant,
EDUCATION.

For the Repository.

THE DRAMA.

March 3.

THE Theatrical bill of amusements for this evening, were furnished, in moiety, from the unexhausted stores of Shakspeare. *Romeo and Juliet* was selected by Mr CAIN for representation on his benefit night, in which it was announced he would undertake to execute the principal character—Mrs Wignell playing the enchanting Juliet. Not being blinded by a capricious

friendship for any individual on the stage, it must not be conceived that any censorious remarks, which we may happen to prefer, are excited by disrespect and animosity to one, or illiberal prepossession in favour of another. Thus much it is deemed necessary to premise, in order to clear us from imputations similar to those which have been justly attached to the *man from the moon*.*—We wish to fulfil the dictates of impartial justice in our remarks on the performers, at the bar of a deciding publick.

In scrutinizing, with the microscopick eye of criticism, the manner in which a player acquits himself, we should consider how far his abilities extend, how grand are his ideas of a character, and what is his proficiency in those which comport with his gradation.

These things then are to be viewed in judging of the performance of Mr CAIN in *Romeo*; as also the effects which have been produced in that Gentleman's mind, through the ungenerous, contemptible attacks of an inveterate foe to all private worth and publick merit, as debased in his actions, as he is execrable in his sentiments. While we assure those who did not attend the performances this evening, that the efforts of Mr CAIN, in a very arduous and prime character, were satisfactory to the audience, we congratulate those who did attend them on their taste and exquisite discernment in supporting and countenancing a man who so deservedly merits the most sanguine tribute of *American* encomium. S.

* More vulgarly termed 'The Censor.'

THIS EVENING, March 8th.

The Comedy of the *Clandestine Marriage*, with the musical entertainment of the *Hunter of the Alps*, for the Benefit of Mrs. MORRIS.

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.

FROM THE POLYANTHOS.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF THE

REV. J. BELKNAP, D. D.

BIOGRAPHICAL sketches, or memoirs of persons who have adorned their own characters by their virtues, or improved others by their writings, are useful in every form they are given to the publick. They are peculiarly calculated for periodical publications, by affording an agreeable variety, and making a few pages very interesting to those who know the characters; and instructive to many who read only to pass away a few leisure hours. Men who have been celebrated for great achievements excite admiration, and are most likely to arrest the attention of readers; but literary men are not to be forgotten; nor will they be placed in an inferior class, by those who value true wisdom and worth, or consider the good which such men do upon earth.

Among the literary men of this country Dr. Belknap holds a distinguished place. His publications are as much read, and as likely to attract further notice, as any books of the kind. They have certainly excited a grateful esteem for the author.

He was born in Boston, June 4, 1744 and had the rudiments of his education under the care of the celebrated Lovell, who has been styled the Busby of New-England.

He early discovered the marks of genius, and entered Harvard College in 1758. His mind was there cultivated with care. He made considerable progress in classical literature, and was master of a great variety of knowledge, before he took his first degree. At the commencement, A. D. 1762, he received the honours of the college. From this time till he became a preacher of the gospel, he applied himself closely to his studies, and discovered such talents for composition, so much taste and sentiment, that several of the best scholars among the clergy predicted his future excellence. Some part of this time he employed in instructing youth; and amidst other pursuits, he wrote several fugitive pieces, which were not known to be his, but were read with pleasure, as effusions of a fertile fancy, or the labours of a student, who had more than common parts and learning.

Whilst Mr. Belknap indulged himself in philological enquiries, and studied various branches of science, he had very serious impressions of divine truth; and

the more he turned his thoughts to theology, the more he was captivated with the beauties of religion. He no sooner became a preacher than his praise was in the churches. His sermons were excellent; and his grave manner, just emphasis, and distinct articulation, were more striking to well-informed hearers, than those graces of elocution, which render some preachers popular, or which make the fanatical multitude admire. He was ordained at Dover, New-Hampshire, when he was a young man. There he passed several years of his valuable life, with the esteem and affection of his flock; in habits of intimacy with ministers and other gentlemen of the neighbouring places, all of whom regretted his departure from the state. He received marks of attention and respect from the first characters of the community, who persuaded and encouraged him to compile a history, which does much honour to our country, and which has given the author a name and distinction among the first literary characters of the age.

The only publications which appear with the name of Dr. Belknap, while he was a minister in New-Hampshire, beside the first volume of his History, are—A Sermon upon Military Duty dedicated to Sir John Wentworth, then governor of the province.—A Sermon preached before an Association by the Society for propagating the Gospel, &c.—and the Election Sermon, in the year 1785.

He wrote other pamphlets, and several political speculations in the New-Hampshire Gazette, upon the controversy between Great-Britain and the Colonies. He also wrote in the Boston newspapers, against the African slavery. An ingenious young man in this town, at the desire of a West-India merchant, had written in favour of the African trade, using all the arguments which can be gathered for the lawfulness of slavery, from the scriptures and the practice of nations. He took the signature of *John Marsham*, and seemed to court the controversy, as one able to maintain his ground and confute his opponents. These essays being published in the newspapers, were answered through the same channel, by several able and ingenious hands. Among the best pieces were those which proceeded from the pen of Dr. Belknap. When the *Columbian Magazine* was published in Philadelphia, he was solicited to become a writer; and in that work may be seen the first sketches of the *American Biography*.

Dr. Belknap removed to Boston, A. D. 1787. The church in Federal-street, which had been established upon the Presbyterian model, had agreed to form

themselves upon Congregational principles, and they invited him to be their pastor. Nothing could have been more agreeable to the ministers and people of the other churches, and to all who regarded the interests of the university at Cambridge, with which he became officially connected; being fully confident that he would be a great instrument in promoting the cause of religion and learning. As an overseer of the college, he was attentive to the concerns of the institution; always taking a lively interest in every thing that respected its welfare. During the eleven years of his ministry in this town, the religious society with which he was connected grew and flourished. The attachment was strong and mutual. While they admired his diligence and fidelity, he received from them every testimony of respect, which marks the character of a kind and obliging people. He was very active in encouraging those books, which are designed for the use and benefit of children; for he was their sincere and affectionate friend; and very affable and kind with all classes of people. He gave advice with cheerfulness and with an attention to the concerns of his acquaintance, which invited their confidence.

The friends of Dr. Belknap were numerous. He became a member of many literary and benevolent societies; and he was active in promoting the good of every association to which he belonged. Wherever he could be of service, he freely devoted his time and talents.

Of the Historical Society he was not only a diligent and laborious member, but may be considered as the founder. While he was in New-Hampshire, he collected a great number of facts, dates and circumstances, and a most valuable compilation of manuscript, which might give information and entertainment to persons who desire to know the history of their own country. The letters which passed between the admiral and general at-Louisburg had been copied in a fair hand, to serve for a document of historic information. Col. Sparhawk, who married the daughter of Sir William Pepperell, not only obliged Dr. Belknap with the perusal of them when he was writing the history of New-Hampshire, but expressed a desire that he would deposit them in some cabinet, where they might be read by others, and be useful in future. This idea led Dr. Belknap to devise a plan for multiplying copies of this and other manuscript, as the only way to preserve them from fire or any accidents. He was the more impressed with the propriety of this, as he was witness

to the destruction of Mr. Prince's valuable collection, which had been deposited in the steeple of the Old-South Meetinghouse. When he came to Boston, he suggested this to several of his acquaintance. In this town he met with a friend, Mr. Thomas Walcut, a worthy citizen now living, who had conceived the same ideas of multiplying copies of old books, which he himself had of manuscripts, and who had made a great collection to keep them for the service of future generations. Dr. Belknap often mentioned to the writer of this memoir, that what Mr. Walcut suggested, of preserving books, and his own desire to preserve the letters of Sir W. Pepperell were the foundation of the Historical Society: an institution at first supported by the labours of a few not sufficiently favoured by the public: but now claims a very considerable reputation among the literary institutions of America.

As an author, Dr. Belknap appears with great reputation. No one has been more justly celebrated on this side the Atlantic. The *History of New-Hampshire* is full of good information, well arranged, and written in a very handsome style. *The Foresters*, a work which mingles wit and humour with a representation of the manners of the American people, he wrote in his leisure hours. It has passed through a second edition.—The *American Biography* is a monument of his talents, his industry, and knowledge. He lived to publish one volume, and to prepare another, which has been printed since his death: and it has been well observed, that this event put a stop to the progress of a useful and interesting work, for which the publick voice pronounced him peculiarly qualified, and which the world of letters hoped he might extend through the successive periods of his country's history.

Other publications of Dr. Belknap did much credit to his character, as a minister of the gospel; but it is as a historian, biographer, and promoter of general knowledge, that he holds so distinguished a place among eminent characters. As a theologian, he had his equals; and though his sermons were well composed, and filled with useful observations, yet we have been used to read such discourses even since the American wilderness has been cultivated by pious hands, or become a part of the Lord's vineyard. But very few have excelled as fine writers, historians, philosophers, poets, like the scholars of the European schools. We have been led, therefore, to set no small value upon the lives of such men as Dr. Belknap and the late Judge Mi-

not; who would have been eminent in any literary society; men, who wrote not so much for the love of fame, as a desire of being useful; yet who gained a celebrity of character, and will be held in everlasting remembrance.

Dr. Benkenap was subject to paralyrick complaints, some years before he died. These he considered as indications of a speedy dissolution. He died suddenly with a return of this disorder, in June, 1798. That he had premonitions of his death, may be seen by the following lines, which were found among his papers:

When faith and patience, hope and love,
Have made us meet for heaven above
How blest the privilege to rise,
Snatch'd in a moment to the skies!
Unconscious to resign our breath,
Nor taste the bitterness of death.
Such be my lot, Lord, if thou please,
To die in silence, and at ease;
When thou dost know that I'm prepar'd,
O seize me quick to my reward!
But if thy wisdom sees it best,
To turn thine ear from this request;
If sickness be th' appointed way
To waste this frame of human clay;
If, worn with grief and rack'd with pain,
This earth must turn to earth again;
Then let thine angels round me stand,
Support me by thy powerful hand:
Let not my faith or patience move,
Nor ought abate my hope or love,
But brighter may my glories shine,
Till they're absorb'd in light divine.

From the Troy Gazette.

READING AND INFORMATION.

From the Shop of Mess. Verbal & Trochee.

"GET wisdom, get understanding," is an injunction, which although acknowledged to be salutary and important, is erroneously considered as laid chiefly on the sons of men. But placed in a just light, the sex, quality, age, and every thing temporary and mutable is seen abstracted from knowledge, and nothing but genuine and correct intelligence claims attention. The *quo modo* is lost in the *re ipsa*; and the adventitious circumstances of birth, language, rank, dress, features, and form, fade before the steady, penetrating lustre of exercised and polished intellect. This consideration should embolden humble minds, and stimulate the unlettered and unprivileged (falsely so called) to assert their right to improvement and enterprise. The Fair of our country should observe, that the cultivated and well regulated mind carries influence proportionate to its specific worth, let it inhabit whatever form, or shine in whatever sphere it may. Surely they will allow it to be consistent with

their characters, to devote much of their leisure to reading and reflection, if they recollected what Cowper, the most amiable and sincere, perhaps, of all authors, has said to recommend it. In a letter to a female friend, who had complained that she could read nothing but English, he observed:—"If a person read, it is no matter in *what language*; and if the *mind* be *informed*, it is no matter whether that mind belongs to a *man* or a *woman*."

CRITICKS.

Some author, if I mistake not, has coarsely styled criticks *the dray-horses of literature*. But it would be more just to assign them the same rank in letters, which the tillers of the ground occupy among mankind. The earth produces bountifully—but to little or no purpose, did not the husband pluck away the noxious and useless plants, and select the wholesome, agreeable, useful ones, as the objects of cultivation, and the sources of his gain. His profession is the most honourable, for it is the most necessary and important: yet he is often slighted and avoided, while the soft-fingered, smirk-faced courtier receives unremitted attention.

Thus the criticks—they are more serviceable in the republic of letters, than any other class of writers, inasmuch as they excite inquiry, eradicate absurd principles, correct perverse taste cultivate judgment, and direct the attention to such works and such means as will produce the best intellectual harvest. They delve in a barren soil, till something like fecundity appears—and again they prune a forest, "wild above rule or art," till it is admired for its regularity and beauty. They remove the rubbish and the rust of years, and present to our view a field of rich and deep soil, yielding fruit and flowers in profusion. So Addison unfolded the stores of Milton's matchless mind.

Still they are servants, and worse than servants; for they are not only not courted, but are often shunned as cautiously as pirates. While the whining novelist, and the fawning, fibbing poetaster, those fire-flies and butterflies of literature, are the delight (and I may add playthings) of the great and the fashionable world. Almost every person hates a critick, even though the one should, by the other's instruction, arrive at excellence. The most lenient of this unfortunate race (unless absolute panders) are looked upon as growlers, the most honest and persevering as necessary drudges; and the chief satisfaction they can receive, while living, is that of enjoying independent and

just sentiments—which is more, I fear, than falls to the lot of those who merit their strictures. A captious critick should receive no quarter; and a just and able one must be content with safety and solitude. Their productions are but common and durable stuff, which is ever held in ordinary; although, if this were prohibited in literary traffick, the remaining commerce would, ere long, consist chiefly in "show and empty sound."—They are emphatically *the farmers of literature*.

CUMBERLAND.

The dramatic and philological writings of this author are well known; and when I read the works of so pious and amiable a writer, I cannot but wish his "*CALVARY, or the Death of Christ*," might be more generally read. In the 5th book of this Poem, after having invoked those "sacred Guides," The Evangelists, to aid his attempts to describe the sufferings and death of our Saviour, he makes the following incidental remarks. The sentiments and style of this extract alike have charmed me; and, on the subject of wordly favour and temporary fame, I never found its compeer.

"Musing my pious theme, as fits a bard
Far onward in the wintry track of age,
I shun the Muses' haunts, nor dalliance hold
With fancy by the way, but travel on
My mournful road, a pilgrim grey with years;
One that finds little favour with the world,
Yet thankful for its least benevolence
And patient of its taunts; for never yet
Lured I the popular ear with glib tales,
Or sacrificed the modesty of song,
Harping lewd madrigals at drunken feasts
To make the vulgar sport, and win their shout.
Me rather the still voice delights, the praise
Whispered, not published by fame's braying
trump:

Be thou my herald, Nature? Let me please
The sacred few. let my remembrance live
Embosomed by the virtuous and the wise;
Make me, O Heav'n! by those, who love thee,
loved.

So when the widow's and the children's tears
Shall sprinkle the cold dust, in which I sleep
Pomplous and from a scornful world withdrawn,
The laurel, which its malice rent, shall shoot
So watered into life, and mantling throw
Its verdant honours o'er my grassy tomb."

QUAINT TITLES.

The prevailing rage to catch the public ear by some specious or surprising title has rendered many authors as ridiculous, in naming their works, as quacks or mountebanks. We have been pestered with 'Mysteries of the Black Tower'—'Mysteries elucidated'—'Mystery of Mysteries'—'My Uncle Thomas'—'Out at last'—'Man as he is not'—'Woman as she should be'—and many things which should *not be*. Among others 'St. Godwin, by St. Leon'—on

which an irritated wag was revenged by exhibiting at the side of it 'St Devil, by Satan.'

But novelists are not alone in this prostitution of literature. In professional knowledge there is practised a kind of swindling, equalled only by that political swindling, which has helped many a jockey into office, in a certain country somewhere this side of the moon. '*Every man his own lawyer*' and '*Every man his own doctor*,' are titles, by which scribblers induce the unlettered buy their vile trash. We expect the next new *catch-penny* production will be some lame dissertation, with the equally consistent and pretty title of '*Every man his own wife*.'

The Novelist.

MAHMUT,

OR THE FOLLY OF DISCONTENT.

(Concluded.)

The Genius ceased, and Mahmut held down his head, abashed that his exclamation had been heard, and taking his mule by the bridle, solemnly followed his venerable conductor into Schiraz. The spacious mansions of the merchant soon presented themselves to his view, and Omrah turning to the son of Isgar, cried, "Behold the abode of Abossan; here let your beast rest, whilst we seek the presence of the master of the house." Mahmut accordingly quitted his mule, and passing on with Omrah through a croud of domesticks, to whom the power of the Genius rendered them invisible, they entered under a colonade of pillars of costly marble, from which hung a profusion of silver lamps, suspended by chains of massy gold, into an extensive apartment, the magnificence of which raised the admiration of the peasant Mahmut, who never before having seen such vast riches, could not forbear expressing his delight, whilst he gazed with wonder on the scene before him. The walls were lined with the most beautiful jasper and mother of pearl, and the large mirrors, which were placed around the room, reflected the different objects an hundred times. In the middle of the door, which was richly inlaid, stood a large fountain, the basin of which, constructed of the most costly materials, was supported

by four lions of pure gold; a dragon of gold reared his head in the centre, and spouted forth the clearest water, to a vast height, which fell showering down in innumerable streams, and was again received into the basin below.

Before the windows of the room were pots of silver, placed on feet of the most curious workmanship, in each of which were burning odoriferous herbs, more fragrant than the smell of the new blown rose, that, unveiling her charms to the morning sun, scents the ambient air with her soft perfume.

At the upper end of this apartment, on a throne of polished steel, sat Abossan, who was just arisen. Around him stood a troop of female slaves, more lovely than the Houris which are promised as a reward to the faithful. Yet his brow was apparently clouded with anxiety; the smile of ease was not seen to play upon his countenance, and he was totally inattentive to the efforts his women made to divert him.

"Behold, my son," said the Genius to Mahmut, "behold the envied Abossan. Mark the gloom that lowers around him, and say if that indicates happiness? But now partake with me the power of penetrating into his thoughts; view with attention the scenes that are unfolded to thee, and let the lessons of truth thou receivest be indelibly engraven on thy memory." Omrah then muttering some words, the son of Isgar was immediately endued with the faculty of reading the mind of man; and the Genius proceeding in his discourse, said "Observe, my son, the breast of Abossan is filled with care and perplexity. Insatiable avarice has long since driven the social virtues from his bosom; pride and ambition have usurped their place. Possessed of the means of rendering thousands happy, he exists but for himself; though his coffers overflow with riches, he still eagerly grasps at more, and all his desires are concentrated to this one point, to be thought the wealthiest man in Persia. The voice of indigence assails his ears in vain, and poverty is driven from his doors without relief; the ingenious artizan meets with no encouragement from him, except it be to gratify his pride; all his expences are lavished on his apartments, to which the stranger is denied admittance; on the luxury of his tables, which are never graced with the presence of a guest, and where

sensuality and hospitality preside.—Such O peasant, is Abossan! What are the effects of such a mind? Though his power and his riches cause him to be feared, he is despised and shunned by all; incapable of feeling the generous glow of friendship, he has no one in whom he can confide the secrets of his bosom—no one to comfort in the hour of his sickness; his days are passed in slothful inactivity, except when he is viewing his warehouses filled with the wealth he has accumulated; his nights in planning new schemes of aggrandizement; distrust is continually filling his mind, and he suspects every slave who enters his apartment of having some design on his property or his life. Say then, O Mahmut, if such happiness is worthy of envy?"

"I see, replied the peasant, the fallacy of human judgment, and I beseech the holy prophet, that he will pardon the crime I have committed against him, by accusing him of injustice."—"Return thanks to Alla, cried the Genius, for having graciously permitted me to reveal to thee these lessons. Learn from them, O son of Isgar! these useful and important truths:—that Happiness consists not in abundance of wealth or extensive possessions, unless the mind of the possessor be endued with virtue. When riches are made conducive to the happiness of society—are employed to alleviate the wants of your fellow mortals, or in encouraging the Arts and Sciences, then they become a blessing in those hands to which Alla has entrusted them; but, when applied to the purposes of ambition or avarice, or are joined with a distrustful or discontented mind, they become a curse to human nature. Return, therefore, O my son! to the toil and labour of the field, and be assured, that content and the humble cottage of thy father Isgar, are far more enviable than the gilded palaces of Abossan.

HOME.

[Continued, from page 51.]

The moment she entered it, she saw so much dissatisfaction in her countenance, that she feared her displeasure was as great as her disappointment.

"Constantia," said her mother, solemnly, as she approached, "come

here;—sit down by me, and pay attention to what I am going to say. Mrs. Almerne has informed me of your strange resolution to refuse Lord Woodford, which I should not have thought possible, unless you had some partiality for another, but she assures me your affections are disengaged. Are they so?"

"They are, indeed."

"What objection, then, can you have to Woodford? Have you considered his merit?"

"I have."

"He is certainly one the best matches in the kingdom; there are very few equal to him; for, with every advantage of situation, he is a perfectly good man."

"I believe him to be so."

"His appearance is also in his favour; he is certainly very handsome."

"He is."

"What objection, then, can you possibly have to him?"

"Want of affection is the greatest."

"That is a difficulty you may soon remove. It is impossible that his amiable character, and affection for you, could fail to make an impression on so tender a disposition as yours, were you to pass some time in his society; but Hastings tells me, that you have industriously avoided him."

"Could I do otherwise, when I imagined he had an affection for me which I could never return?"

"That was a very rash conclusion, when you had never given him an opportunity of gaining your affection. I shall never desire you, Constantia, to marry against your inclination; but I earnestly wish you would try at least to overcome your indifference to Woodford."

"I have already tried in vain."

"Make another trial. He will probably pass some weeks here; and, if at the end of that time you should still be averse to him, I shall urge you no farther."

"My dear mother, were I to pass a single week with him in your presence, I should certainly marry him; concern for him and affection for you would overcome my resolution: I hope, therefore, that either he or I may leave Orville in a few days?"

"This is very strange, Constantia! What am I to think of such obsti-

nacy? 'Tis impossible you could talk thus, if you had considered properly the advantages he possesses."

"I have reflected on them all."

"Yet refuse him!"

"My dear mother, I am happy as I am; permit me to continue so."

"You should consider, Constantia, how happy your marrying Woodford would make your family. You know it would give your father pleasure; few things could give me so much; and it would be attended with the greatest advantages to your brothers. Lord Woodford could easily bring them into parliament; and Hastings tells me his interest is so great, that he could very soon procure him some lucrative place at the disposal of government."

"Hastings has no occasion for lucrative places."

"You are mistaken; he has been imprudent, and has involved himself in debt.—However, though these things ought to have weight with an affectionate sister, I mention them only as secondary motives; you have much stronger ones.—need I say the making your mother happy should be one?"

Constantia sighed, but did not speak.

"Think again of Woodford's good qualities; his situation,—what a connection he would be for your family."

Still Constantia was silent.

"Of all my family, Constance, you are the one in whom I have most delight. I cannot love you more than I do the rest, but they do not afford me the same satisfaction. My sons distress me, and the cares of a family have deprived me of Lady Horndon's society; but you are the comfort of my life,—you have never yet occasioned me the smallest regret; will you then destroy this happiness, and shew me, that in all my children I must be disappointed? It is now in your power to give me more joy than I may otherwise ever know."

Constantia fell on her mother's neck, and wept bitterly.

Lady Orville was moved, and tenderly inquired why she was so much affected?

"Because," replied Constantia, "I find it utterly impossible to comply

with the wishes of my mother, without the sacrifice of my own peace."

"The sacrifice of your peace, my child! Then Heaven forbid you should make such a sacrifice! I wished you only to endeavour to overcome your indifference to Woodford; but had I fancied he was so disagreeable to you, I should never have troubled you about him."

"He is not disagreeable to me: as a friend I regard, and am anxious for his happiness; but, as the first object of my affection,—as my companion for life, I cannot think of him without affliction."

"Then I shall never desire you to think of him more: however I may lament the disappointment, I can never, knowingly, make my sweet child unhappy."

"Oh! now," cried Constantia, clasping her mother in her arms, "you subdue me,—I cannot resist such kindness—I must, I will endeavour to do as you wish."

"No, my love, you must not; I will never take advantage of your tenderness to render you unhappy: I see, now, it would be cruel to bid you marry Woodford."

This behaviour in Lady Orville affected Constantia extremely. She felt, and strongly expressed the various emotions to which it gave rise,—tenderness, gratitude, and deep regret for the disappointment she occasioned her.

Lady Orville intreated her to forget what had passed, and indulge the hope that she might yet marry a man who would be equally agreeable to herself, and to her friends.

"Would to heaven!" exclaimed Constantia, "that your wishes and mine may never again be at variance; for miserable must I be in giving you the smallest pain."

"Think not of me, my dear; I am far more concerned for your brother's disappointment than my own; but I go to seek him, and hope he will not importune you farther."

CHAP. IV.

CONSTANTIA did not see her brother till they met at dinner, when such strong marks of displeasure appeared in his behaviour to her, as vexed her extremely; for she knew well, that her mother had been so

long accustomed to gratify his wishes, that she could not see him suffer disappointment, without feeling severely.

In the evening, when the rest of the company sat down to cards, Ornaville requested Constantia to accompany him to the library, where, as soon as they were seated, he thus began:—

"I have been told, Constantia, by your mother, and by Mrs. Almorne, that you are obstinately bent on refusing Lord Woodford. I do not mean to inquire your motives for this, because I am sure you cannot have a good one; but I wish to represent to you, that in a matter of such importance to your family, it is your duty to consider the opinions of others a little, as well as your own; and that you ought particularly to reflect how much your marrying Woodford would promote the happiness of your mother."

"I cannot think my mother's happiness could be ultimately promoted by a marriage, which was not calculated for mine."

"It is impossible that yours could be hazarded by a union with Woodford, who has every advantage necessary to a woman's comfort: advantages which would be productive of lasting benefit to your family, and give them all inexpressible pleasure."

"I am sincerely sorry to disappoint the wishes of my family; but happily their interest is not so materially concerned as to require so great a sacrifice on my part."

"It would be much easier to show how deeply their interest is concerned, than to explain your thinking it a sacrifice. You cannot certainly expect a more advantageous offer?"

"None equal in rank or fortune."

"But your romantic imagination cannot be satisfied without every possible advantage."

"Far from it; I know they cannot be obtained, and am therefore willing to resign rank, riches, and connexions; I am indifferent likewise about personal appearance."

"Yes,—it is intrinsic merit alone that you prize; your sublime soul is far superior to the ordinary views of mortals!—But really, my dear, it is impossible for me to soar along with you, and I wish you may not some day unexpectedly fall from the clouds,

and distress your friends by making some dam—d queer marriage."

"What do you call a queer marriage?"

"Can it require explanation? I should think it very queer were you to marry such a man as—as—Seward, for example; whom I once thought you had a fancy to, from the notice you took of him."

"I took notice of him, because I thought him a man of uncommon merit, whose modesty exposed him to neglect; but I took care that he should not misunderstand my attentions."

"Well, I can't accuse you of coquetry, and I dare say you are sensible a poor parson is not a fit connexion for you; unless, indeed, he had interest sufficient to secure high church preferment; but were he even an Archbishop, he would be inferior to Woodford, who has more power, and independence, and whose rank and fortune remain with his family, and may be of use to yours for several generations."

"I beg to know who you particularly mean, when you speak of my family? The benefit to them must certainly be precarious, while the disadvantages to myself may be lasting."

"When I speak of your family, I mean every individual of it, but more especially the person, whoever he happens to be, that is in possession of the family title and estate. It is by him that the dignity of your family must be supported, and such a connexion as Woodford would give it weight and lustre. If the representative of a family is prosperous, its consequence is preserved, however low the younger branches of it may fall; they are sometimes, indeed, excrescences which it may be very proper to lop off, but when all the branches of a family flourish, they give mutual aid and consequence to each other. In this view daughters are desirable, as they may form useful connexions. No woman ever had this more in her power than yourself; for Woodford's influence is great, and he is so amiable, that he will certainly adopt your relations as his own. It will be easy for him to make the fortune of Frederic's sons, and of all Sir Robert Horndon's family; for even your nieces will marry infinitely

better for having such an uncle. Good God! the views are so great, you cannot hesitate a moment, if you think properly."

"I cannot certainly make the views you speak of my first object in marrying; but I should be happy if they were compatible with others, which appear to me of more consequence."

"I cannot imagine why your interest, and your family's, should not coalesce on this occasion. Did I propose to you a man, who had only rank and fortune to recommend him, or urge you to marry him when your affections were engaged to another, you might reproach me; but as this is far from being the case, you ought certainly to overcome any objections you can have to him."

"How earnestly do I wish that I could!"

"But you cannot?"

"I cannot."

"Constantia!" cried her brother, raising his voice, "you will forfeit my regard for ever! Your egregious folly should not be submitted to."

"Kindness, Hastings, may do much with me; unkindness can do nothing."

"Tell me, I pray, how I can prevail on you: instruct me but in the way,—you shall find me as pliant as you can wish."

"Gentle measures are certainly the best; but I should only mislead you by inducing you to suppose, that even thus you could alter my resolution: I shall, therefore, be much obliged to you, if you will put an end to Lord Woodford's expectations, as speedily as possible."

"Indeed I shall not; however regardless of your interest you may be, I have some concern for it. Your resolution may change,—the good qualities of Woodford cannot fail to make an impression upon you in time."

"If he remain here above a day or two, I shall leave Ornaville."

"Then you will eternally disoblige me! Was there ever such perverseness! Will you not try, at least, to oblige us?"

"Lord Woodford, Hastings, is not an acquaintance of yesterday. I am persuaded that I shall never change my opinion of him; and, under this impression, it would be cruel to let his affection strengthen."

"There would be no cruelty in it; his passion for you is probably as strong as it can be, and if it should end in disappointment, he will recover it."

"I have no doubt he will, but it should be my care to make the disappointment as easy to him as possible."

"You will do me a particular favour by permitting him to retain some hope for a short time; he is here now by my advice, and I entreat you to show him a little kindness."

"Can you really wish me, by acts of kindness, to endanger still farther his peace?"

"The peace of men is not so easily endangered as you imagine; they are not composed of such fine materials as Miss Orville."

"They are capable of affection, and, therefore of suffering from disappointment; I would rather be ridiculously cautious, than risk giving pain."

"Any girl but yourself would be glad to secure the eclat of such a lover for a while; have you no pleasure in admiration?"

"None in the admiration of lovers."

"I thought they were the most agreeable of all admirers."

"To me they are the least so of any. They are often a source of the greatest uneasiness, while they are no test of merit, not even of beauty. Attachments are often formed from such trifling causes, are so easily produced by art, and so seldom arise from taste, that I could hardly be flattered by the love of any man, however I might be won by it."

"Have you any suspicion, my dear, that you are excessively odd?"

Constantia answered only by a smile.

"You would probably have been an agreeable girl, Constantia, had you never met with Mrs. Almoré; but for her you would have been as eager to become Countess of Woodford, as you now appear averse to it."

"As there was little probability of my having such rank in my power, I am much obliged to Mrs. Almoré for having made me independent of it."

"We shall not discuss the subject at present. Tell me if you will con-

sent to behave civilly at least to Woodford for a few weeks?"

Constantia threw down her eyes without speaking.

"I see," said Orville, "that you have no inclination to oblige me."

"You are mistaken,—greatly mistaken."

"Yet you will not grant me a trifling favour."

"Did my inclination alone oppose your request, I should not hesitate a moment to comply with it, but I could never pardon myself for giving unnecessary pain to Lord Woodford, and I find it so very difficult to avoid it, that if he remain here any time, I must certainly remove."

At these words Orville's countenance betrayed strong marks of passion; he seemed with difficulty to refrain from uttering some violent expression; but after remaining a minute silent, he rose hastily, and quit- ted the room.

TWO days passed without Constantia's being further importuned about Lord Woodford, but they were far from passing agreeably. Though her mother forbore to speak to her on the subject, she was evidently unhappy; and Constantia observed, with much uneasiness, that she was often engaged in earnest conversation with Orville, after which, the depression of her spirits was visibly increased.

But the person whose situation affected her the most, was Lord Woodford. She thought she saw in his behaviour the marks of genuine affection, accompanied by an anxiety and diffidence, which was extremely interesting. It occasioned her a perpetual conflict of feelings, which made her every moment in danger of showing him attentions, that would hardly have left her the power of refusing him."

(To be continued.)

For the Repository.

THE MELANGE.

Things are long or short, great or small, comparatively. The life of a butterfly is long, should it continue a summer's month; a man's, should he number his ninetieth year—To him who enjoys health and happiness, years are as days, but to him who bends un-

der the pressure of adversity, his hour is an age of pain and anxiety—the seconds are doubled by sorrow, and the minutes trebled by impatience.—Sure the days of *Ferdinand Count Fathom* must have danced lightly away, when an ordinary two weeks of the calendar could not make his HOUR!!

NO "PERPLEXING STORY."

A clerk lately employed by a banker, in a manufacturing town in England, endeavoured to persuade his master that he was acquainted with a plan by which he might reap great advantages, if he would entrust to his management a particular sum. The honest banker, who had confidence in his clerk, and being convinced by the oily tongue of his associate, acceded to the proposal. The young gentleman having received the cash, immediately departed for the continent, where he applied the cash to—some purpose—but not much to the satisfaction of the banker, though he acknowledged his clerk had laid in a tolerable assortment of French and Italian phrases—but, as they did not pass current in England, he intended to ship them for a better market, on account of the concern!

A correspondent of mine, who resides beyond the mountains, wishes to know how Mr Censor spells the word 'Cheat.'

Pangloss talks in very high terms of his character, and defies his enemies to point out a SINGLE FLAW.

LITERARY NEWS....I have been informed that Mr W*rt's has now in the press, and will shortly publish, in two volumes 4to. Memoirs of his life and most remarkable adventures, including a brief sketch of Newgate, &c. dedicated, by permission, to J. D. esq.